

A  
Satyrical Vision,  
OR;  
Tragy-Comedy  
AS IT  
Was lately Acted in the City of  
B R I S T O L,  
Discovered in a  
D R E A M.

What ill-bred-Stars, or what *Saturnian* Fate  
Did at this Citties Birth predominate,  
Unhappy Place, thy Fortune was severe  
Businels, and Fools are moft in Fashion here:  
Religion they profefs, but yet have none  
Wealth is the cheifest *Deity* they own.

---

By E: Phileroy.

---

---

L O N D O N,  
Printed by G. Croom, for the Author. 1684.



---

f

---

TO THE  
Poor Dejected, and Despairing  
BRETHREN:  
THE

*Dissenting CREW in General, under what  
Names or Titles soever, they desire to be  
Dignified, or Distinguished.*

*Worthy Patriots.*

I know not to whom I could more properly make the Dedication of the following Poem, since it seems naturally to crave your protection, not only as you are the Subject of it, but because its palpable you have endeavoured to monopolize every thing that has but the appearance of a Fault: so that tis but rational to infer that you are able to bear mine too, tho' never

*The Preface to the Dissenters.*

so Numerous in this Poem, which I must confess was done in *Raptim*, and therefore must have the greater need of such *Patrons*; not but that its an unquestioned Verity that you have a sufficient stock of your own, without any addition of mine: For who (in the *Divel's Name*) has been the tormenters of all feuds and Animosities in this Nation? But you: Who the Authors, and Abettors of all things that may seem to oppose the common Tranquillity? But you: Who has endeavoured by all that *Hell* and Malice could invent, to make our Streets blush in Innocent Bloud, and Involve it once more into its *Oliverian Chaos*? But you: Who I say, has endeavoured the Total *Subversion of Monarchy*, the *Ruine of three Kingdoms*, the destruction of Religion it self, and the *undoing* of all that Dare to be its *Profelytes*? But you: So that by these and other your unparalleld Villanies (too Numerous to Insert) you have put *Hell* to a non-plus, and the *Divels*, themselves into Distraction and Amazement, to see themselves out done, and all together

*The Preface to the Diffeuters*

together incapable of preparing a place for your reception, adequate to the Worse then *Scythian Cruelties* that you have, and would have perpetrated.

But not to make the *Porch* bigger then all the *Fabrick*, I shall conclude with this Charitable Praver, may *Poyson* be your *Drink*, and *Toads*, worse than *Toads* your cheifest *Delicacies*, may your Names be Eternally Obliterated from Honours Book, may your Curse, but equalize your defects, and as you have ever made Bloud your Bolster to lye on, so let Insupportable Griefs be your Play-fellows and Inseparable Companions.

Adeiu,

*E. P.*

To

---

---

# To the Loyal R E A D E R S.

Gentlemen,

There having been never any thing so  
dismally represented to my Juvenile  
Imaginations, as the late Horrid Proceed-  
ings of the *Dissenting Crew* in General, and  
*Jack Presbiter* in particular, I thought I was  
oblig'd upon all occasions to Expose its  
Abettors; especially, since they have been  
pleased to reiterate all their *Pristine villanies*  
in the late *Discovered formidable Plot*, against  
the best of Kings and Governments, and how  
farr this Citty has been Concern'd, I suppose  
it would be Tautology in the Highest to  
Incert.

To the Loyal Readers.

It being known as far  
As is the Artick from th'Antartick Star

But you great Souls of Numbers ( whom Apollo has made Heirs to his evcr Verdant Tree ) tis you, I say must Pardon my Pen-Featherd-Muse ( who I fear by the following unbak'd Poem has made Helicon a Puddle not a Spring ) and I doubt it not, when you Consider that she was willing to attempt some thing, nay resolved that these Miscreants Exit should be attended with a Sheet

But Gentlemen being unwilling to detain you longer with Impertinences, I shall only pray, that the Fates would be pleased to be so kind as to graunt me this small Request: That when I shall be matriculated amongst the Dead, ( if that with Pythagoras, there be a Metempyphosis ) that they would send my soul into a Cat, Porpois, or Owl: rather than any of these Religious Alchymists, these Atheists against Earthly Gods

That

*To the Loyal Readers.*

— — — — —  
that persue,  
Deeds after which, no mischeif can be new.

To this Prayer, I shall only subjoin my  
*Resolution*, which in short is to profess my  
self Eternally,

Your Most Devoted Servant

*E: Phileroy.*

---

TO

---

---

---

## TO HIS

Ingenious Friend *Philterey*, on his  
Satirical Vision a Copy of which  
was exposed and derided.

( i )

**L**et factious Knaves and buisy Fools rail on  
( The inveterate Foes to th' Tribe of *Helicon* )  
Whilst all impartial Men allow  
Whats to your merit due,  
For when they disapprove of what you write,  
It argues Barrenness of wit  
In them, or Spight :  
Yet whilst by them your wit's condemn'd;  
It makes you more esteem'd  
By men of Loyalty and Sence,  
For Envy always strikes at th' greatest Excellence.

B

Write

Write on then ( Sr, ) whilst empty *Criticks* do  
 Their malice still pursue,  
 For your desert by it, doth greater shew.  
 Write on, and lash the *soul-less gots* to sence,  
 And teach the *Rebel crew* Obedience,  
 Desist not Sr, nor think your merit less,  
 Because not Crown'd with due success,  
 The mighty *Laureat* (that darling of the Nine)  
 Who in each Immortal Line,  
 Doth wit and Judgment joyn,  
 Whose muse alone boy's up the sinking stage  
 ( Such is th' Ingratitude of th' unthinking Age )  
 Is not beneath his Bays, free from their bruitish  
 So senceless Curs (they say) are often known (Rage  
 To bark with fury 'gainst the Radiant Moon,

*Philo : Phileray.*

A

# Satyrical Vision,

A *Pollo's fiery Steeds* were gone away,  
 And quite withdrawn, to give a Noon of Day  
 Unto the *Antipodes*, The sable Night  
 Was now approach'd, and Day had took its Flight  
 Serene the Air, and now each fragrant Tree  
 Advanc'd it self, and all things pleasant be  
 Dame *Flora* Struts in her new Livery :  
 When Prest with th' plague of busines, I with drew  
 Into a Verdant Bow'r where I might Veiw  
 The *Earth* which whileom did in *Pennance* stand  
 Clad in a sheet of *snow*, doth now command  
 Her glorious Slaves, who by their yearly Rise  
 Do Homage pay and make a Sacrifice :  
 Mantles of Various Roses now we see  
 Disp'lay themselves, and make a *Galaxy*,  
 These with a Purling *Brook* (whose streams did glide  
 And paid a Tribute to the *Gardens* Pridge )

So charm'd my Sences, that I must resigne  
 And quickly paid my Vows at *Morpheus Shrine* :  
 No sooner was my Soul at *Liberty*,  
 But through untrodden paths away doth fly  
 Unto a place, where *Rebells* make their *Nest*,  
 And *Factions* do, as in their causes, Rest :  
*Faction* in all its Colours there did Ride,  
 And faine it would Eternally abide :  
*A Hodge-poch of Religions* there did dwell,  
 Heaven's their Pretention, but their aim is *Hell* :  
*A Miscellaneous sort of Rigid Slaves,*  
*Censorious sops, dull Fools, but Cursed Knaves.*

*Geneva*      Here's *Splay Mouth* with his brace of Caps doth cry  
*Hallow my Hearts*, 'tis Cowards fear to dy ; }  
 Let's then pull down this *Babel Monarchy* ; }  
 We are the *Saints* ; 'tis we must Rule, not they, }  
 The Earth is ours, they therfore shall obey : }  
*Tis thus Resolv'd, nor shall thy fate withstand,* }  
 But fall ( Oh ! City ) by th' unerring hand }  
 Of us the *Saints*, who *must* and *will* Command. }  
 They then in *shoals* appear, whose noise appalls,  
 Much worse then Twenty *Irish Funeralls* :  
 The Hideous Clamour of great *Nilos* fall  
 If but to them Compared was but small :  
 In fine, these *Phaetons* the world would burn,  
 And once more all into Confusion turn :  
*Asirea* in great hast descends from Heav'n  
 ( Hearing th' irrevocable Vote was giv'n )

And

And being seated in her Splended Chair,  
 Summons these *Miscreants* forthwith to appear  
 And thus accosts them : Oh ye *Sons of Hell* :  
 " That only do in Villany Excell ;  
 " To the *Black-Book* whether you will or not  
 " You're come, and must abide your Fatal Lot  
 " Your Shameless actions now might shame the *Devil*,  
 " That seern not to be thought the *summe of Evil* :  
 " Oh Impious Age devoted unto ill,  
 " Void of all Good, and is Resolved still }  
 " To persevere, When wilt thou taste thy fill ? }  
 " Tis you that prosecute a Villany,  
 " Which would create a Blush i'th Sun to see :  
 " For if that *Transmigration* er'e was true , }  
 " Tis now, tis now, most palpable in you : }  
 " For *Hell* you Claim and take it as your due : }  
 " Oh ! Times Oh ! Manners which Antiquity  
 " In all its Periods, nere the like could see ;  
 " Nor will *Posterity* believe that Er'e ,  
 " Such horrid Actions perpetrated were ;  
 " You have resolv'd to seek out nothing less ,  
 " Then th' very *Quintessence* of Wickednes ,  
 " Fearing to come behind the Age before }  
 " In villanies, you now have Studied more ; }  
 " And for applause will act them o're and o're : }  
 " Hence then dull *Plotters*, Hence ye Romish Crew }  
 " Make Room for Nobler Sinners that out do }  
 " As far the *Devils*, as the *Devils* you, }

" Draw

" Draw near ye *Blood-Hounds* you that fain would  
 " States to Confusion, Ruine to a King : ( bring  
 " Draw near, and for your merits mount the *Tree*,  
 " To which your *Fathers Copy* makes you *Free* :  
 " And ( since you were *Ambitious* ) you shall have  
 " The *Gates* confer'd upon you for a *Grave* :  
 " And you that did in so much honour *Live*,  
 " As *Council* to maintain *Prerogative*,  
 " Justice hath seiz'd upon you ; make no doubt  
 " That you shall have, therefore *I Spew you out*  
 " But you brave *Hero's*, you that did Repel  
 " These factious *Zealots*, and these broods of *Hell* ;  
 " You that at *Helm* i'th *worſt* of times did stand,  
 " Resolving to defend your Native Land, ( mand  
 " And with your Lives maintain great *Charles Com-*,  
 " Blaze forth great Stars, for you shall each appear  
 " A *Constellation* in our *Hemisphere*  
 " Hence then *Geneva Trush*, you'r out of date  
 " When these *Bright Rays* appear, you dissipate :  
 " Shine on *Brave Son's* and let these *Villains* see  
 " ( Maugre their Hellish Arts and Treachery ;  
 " That you shall shine thus to Eternity  
 " And now I go ( methinks I hear the Skys  
 " Echo your praises in sweet Harmonies,  
 " I Constitute you all my deputies :  
 " But when these *Brats* of *Hell* shall once expire,  
 " I'll make the *Devil's* rage, the *Damn'd* admire  
 " The *Flames* which *These* shall add unto *their fire*,  
 " This

This said, she in great hast ascends the Skys,  
And unto the *Celestial Mansions* Flys

No sooner gone, but faces we might see  
As sad as greif could paint, or M-sery,  
Some howld, and cry'd, eurst be this Fatal Day  
Let dismal Clouds and darkness come, and may  
It e're in *Times Book* be enrolled thus  
Black, Hideous, Fatal Inauspicious.

The *Judges* sate, the *First* ( with dismal Crys      Earledom  
And trembling that un-nervd his quaking Thighs )  
Appeard, the *Devils Enchiridion*, he  
That was his *Factor for Iniquity* :  
This is the *Hieroglyphick* of all Vice,  
The *Scum* and *Spawne* of *Fiend* now in disguise  
Some took him for some *Noble-man*, and I  
First thought there might be some Affinity  
By's name, and faith he's *Great* in *Villany* :  
His sentence was to teach the *stones to swim*,  
To Cut the Water, fill seives to the Brim :  
His odious Name when mention'd should imply  
The *summe* and *Abstract* of Iniquity ;  
In fine, if e're he should appear again  
To be the Perfect Subject of *Disdain*.  
The next was order'd for to drink good Store  
Without Delay of un-mixt *Helebore*,

Fin:

When.

When the next came there issued joyful Crys  
 ( Such as did reach the Star-enamel'd Skys )

*Dix.* O Let that Day for ever Banish'd be,  
 And ever hid in dull Obscurity,

Let naught but ill-presaging Owls appear,  
 Let it be curst, and quite forgot i'th Year.

*Ding.* Twas thought sufficient for the next, that He  
 Should Renance do, in his Wives shift, whilst she  
 Firks him, ( as Pluto Nol ) Eternally.

*Hico.* The next Appearance was a Speaking Toast  
 A Living Spunge, that all his Brains had lost:  
 The Sentance he receiv'd in Short was thus;  
 That he should punish'd be, with Tantalus.

Some say the Devil's unto Black inclin'd;  
 But faith he's Brown, and sometimes White we find :

*Brown.* *Allus.* Yet, that this difference reconcil'd might be,  
 Twas order'd that they still be One, not three,

Since in Black Crimes they all so well agree.

*Coleman* What Prodigy in Nature next doth move  
 Bless us ! A Horned Beast with Teeth above !

Monster of Nature ! Let him never be

Admitted into Mans Society,

Let him be Pimp unto his Rampant Whore

Let him ( Contented Fool ) attend the Door

Till Time and Memory shall be no more,

A Wife's Heavens bles us ! with a Parboild Face

A Gypse Varnish to prevent Disgrace.

Next comes of *Tygers* or of *Panthers* brood, (Blood :  
 Whose Dreadful Healths are Morning draughts in  
 Replenish villainy that Hell do's Inspire,      (fire)      Cis.  
 May Heaven once more Vomit such fleakes of  
 As might make thee and all the Damn'd admire:  
 T'was order'd (that when *Rising Stars* should Spread  
 Their Golden flames, and *Sol* withdraw his Head)  
 For *Barking Owls*, *Ambiguous Eats* that he  
 Without delay should a Companion be,  
 And hooted quite from all mens Company.  
*Desert* comes next, and he must Merit Well,  
 Therefore with *Stily*, he was sent to Hell,      { Meritus.  
 And there 'twas thought would teach him to Rebel.)

*Twice Sacred Powers assist my Trembling Quill !*  
 ( *You that do ever haunt the Sacred Hill,* )  
*Oh ! be propitious, Oh ! assist my Pen*  
*To anatomize the Deeds of worse than Men.*

The next Appearance was the *Stygian King*  
 That Prince of *Acheron*, who with him did bring  
 A Leash of *Beagles*, who their Game so well  
 Pursu'd, that to be fire-brands of Hell  
 They well deserv'd ; He therefore did desire  
 They might be added to his hungry fire :  
 And since they serv'd so well, without delay,  
 He beg'd that he might them their Wages pay ;  
 T'was soon agreed, since they were kno wn to be  
 Th' exact Perfection of all Villany :

Leycote,  
Watts,  
Jack.

With that he Seiz'd them, and with his Nimble wings  
 ( So have I seen how from the Trembling strings  
 The piercing Arrows quickly fly away )  
 He breaks the boundless Air without delay :  
 With that Exalted voices Reach the Skies,  
 Which was succeeded with Resounding Cries,  
 " If that in Hell there no more Torments be,  
 " We'l not come there, because we them must see.

*Ningduu  
Cor  
Hindg  
Gue - &c.*

These, by some *Mungral Eats*, Succeeded were,  
 That of this *Faction* *Crew* brought up the Rear:  
 These Sons of *Proteus*, that do ever Run  
 With th' Current, and adore the *Rising Sun* ;  
 These present Tenses, that be that or this,  
 Were by a Speedy *Metamorphosis*  
 Transform'd, and in a Moment did put on  
 The Various Forms of the *Camelion* :  
 Thus the Rewards of *Faction* here will be  
 Shame, or to Dangle on the *Fatal Tree* ;  
 Hereafter Horror, Pain and Misery.      }

With that a voice was heard like Thunder Loud,  
 When it has broke through a divided Cloud.  
 And thus began: — O ! Happy Happy Day  
 " Be thou e're Crowd with *Sols* most glorious Ray;  
 " I'm now imparadiz'd, methinks. I see  
 " The *Gods* descend, and joyntly do agree :  
 " To honour it, Kind *Neptune* layes aside  
 " His *Trident*, *Aeolus* the Winds does hide :

" Methinks

" Methinks I see upon each smiling Wave  
 " The Sportive *Nymphs* to Dance, the wind their slave  
 " To wait upon them, now *Apollo's* Quire  
 " With their melodious sonnets so Inspire ;  
 " That the wild *Satyrs* Dancing on the strand,  
 " Like gazing *Stags* they in amazement stand :  
 " Swell then my Charming Joys, and let this Day  
 " Be Consecrated, let it nere decay,  
 " Until the *Ox* take wing and fly away.  
 " Let *Bacchus* now in burnish'd Gold goe Round,  
 " And *Musick* in a well digested sound  
 " Shall pierce the willing Air in Sweet Contention,  
 " Raping the willing Ears into Attention,  
 " Our *Tables* shall groan with Varietys  
 " Which may the most Luxurious Pallats please.  
 " The studied Dishes which shall re-supply,  
 " Each vacancy will so invite the Eye,  
 " That only with the fight 'twill satisfie :  
 " In fine wee'l think that we have lost that hour,  
 " That adds not to our Pleasure or our Power :  
 With that the People made the Palace Ring,  
 Who in their Joyfull acclamations Sing,  
*Long live Great Charles, Long live our Gracious King:*  
 At which with Silken Wings Sleep from my Eyes  
 Quite disappears, and now away the Flies.

---

## POSTSCRIPT.

**Y**OUR Pardon Gentlemen, for Faith my Aiery Genius was not so trusty, as I imagined, (as I had like to have found to my cost;) For going the other day to hear what News; I was accosted by a Diminitive Book-Seller, who came quivering and trembling, (as doth the Earth when Neptune strikes,) and cryed Justice; For that he was left out in the preceding Poem : whereas (consideratis considerandis,) he had deserved it as much as any ; I told him he should have Justice done : Upon which, I have presumed to subjoin this additional Character.

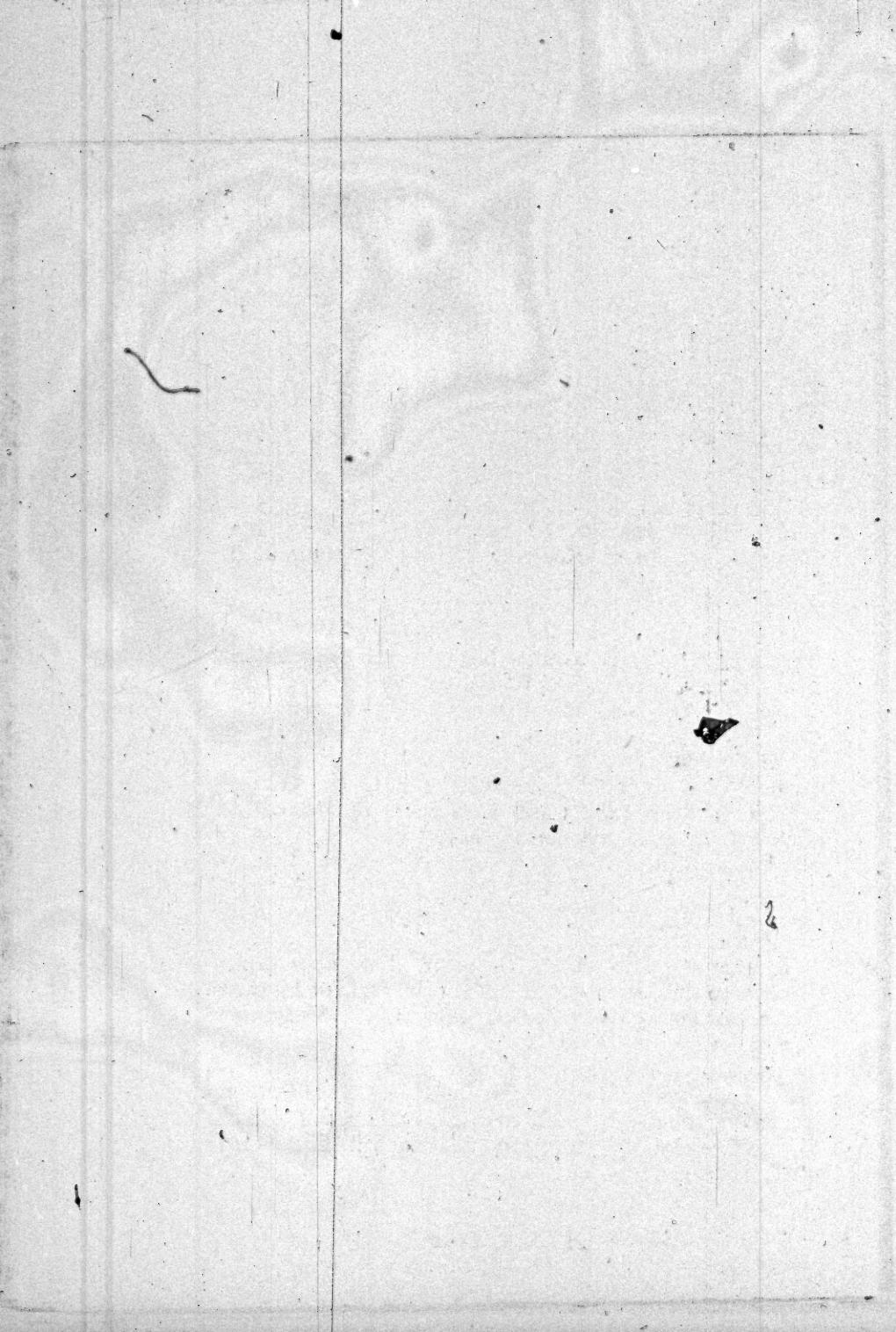
**W**ELL then, to begin with my Gentleman, He is a True Jack-a-Lent that is so charitable to lend a light to others, but himself nothing but a Vapour : And if ever the Devil appeared in our times like a Samuel, it is he: For take him as to his appearance he may be tolerably honest; but when Opus, and Uſus, are the case (so it may be privately secured or obtained,) He begs your Pardon, and is a Devil with an Emphasis: That is to say a True Whigg: So that like the Apples of Sodom to look on, he may be fair and delectable, but come to the Tast is wholly putrified: Take him in his return from a Tavern, he will make an Excellent Lawyer, for he ever makes Indentures as he goes: There is a great disproportion between his head and his glass, the former being ever empty, but the latter full, provided it be at other mens charges: He is an Exact Italian in Carnival Time, one side of him French, and the other Spanish; for when a Whig comes he is True-blew, but if Loyalty appear he is then as true as Steel: So that with the Marygold he follows the Sun, and opens and shuts with that that is uppermost. If we may term a Cypher any thing, he may then pretend to be something; for he was ever such in the Accompts of all that have tryed him, if so we may soon

soon summe up all that concerns him, which in short may be thus: Newgate (as long as he lives) is The Colledge he belongs to, whither he hourly expects to be sent for, in order to be matriculated, The Gallows when he dies) his unavoidable Receiver, and Hell (after his Peit,) his most certain *Ne plus ultra*, where he will undoubtedly cheat *Pluto*, (as he did all that dwelt with him upon Earth,) for Quivering, Shaking, and Gnashing of Teeth, he hath so familiarized himself to here because he hath resolved they shall be no punishment to him hereafter. But more particularly,

As to his Parentage, he was begot by *Proteus* on a *Chameleon*, and for his Religion it is to chuse: for he'll Conform, Perform, Reform into any Form, so as he may be Vicar of *Bray*, (that is, so as he may be kept from breaking,) yet to give the Devil his due he is so Religious, that he never awakes but with this Godly *Letany* in his mouth, *from unfill'd Canns, and empty Bowls, Libera me;* for full ones are now as Natural to him as a Cittern is to a Barber, which, rather then want he would chuse all the *Plagues of Ægypt*: He is resolved to Sympathise with his Trade, and hath therefore bound himself up in *Sheep Skin*, (and is a Sot) in *Folio*: He is such a super-annuated *Sardanapalus*, that I Question if the Plague was a Woman, whether he would stick to Court it, for so, 3 might be saved (*i.e.*: himself, *Bacchus*, and *Venus*) he cares not if the World runs into it's Priftine Deluge again.

In fine, as to his valour it's great. For he is *Cozen German* to the *Satyr* that fell dead at the noise of his own Horn, for going the other day through a Street, his Sword happened to touch his Leg, at which he was struck into such an unvented amazement, that his Limbs were imediately disjointed and un-nerved: From which perceiving he is never able to disengage himself, I must there leave him Quivering and Shaking till Time it self shall have . . .

*A N E N D.*



D  
P 1985

138286

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION